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SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME

(QUAND MA VIEILLE MÈRE)

(ALS DIE ALTE MUTTER)



SONG

FROM THE GIPSY MELODIES

BY

ANTON DVOŘÁK

ENGLISH WORDS BY
LADY MACFARREN.

Op. 55. Nº 4.

60 ¢

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THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LTD.
OAKVILLE, ONT.
CANADA

MADE IN ENGLAND

God remembers when the world forgets.

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante.

PIANO. *p*

Lento

Allegretto.

How man-y gar-dens in this world of ours, Hold blos-soms that have never

come to flow'rs? A sud-den wind comes cold-ly by,

The rose tree bids its fair-est bud good-bye.

rall.

rall.

The musical score is written for piano. It begins with a treble and bass staff. The first system is marked 'Andante' and 'PIANO. p'. The second system is marked 'Lento'. The third system is marked 'Allegretto.' and contains the lyrics 'How man-y gar-dens in this world of ours, Hold blos-soms that have never'. The fourth system continues the lyrics 'come to flow'rs? A sud-den wind comes cold-ly by,'. The fifth system contains the lyrics 'The rose tree bids its fair-est bud good-bye.' and is marked 'rall.'. The sixth system is also marked 'rall.' and concludes the piece.

How many gardens in this world of ours
Hold blossoms that have never come to flowers?
A sudden wind comes coldly by—
The rose tree bids its fairest bud good-bye.

How many ships of ours go out to sea
In search of havens that shall tranquil be?
The storms of fate their fairest hopes o'er set,
And there is naught to do except forget.

How many wear a smile upon their face
Although their hearts may hold an empty place?
None know the heights nor depths of their regrets,
But God remembers when the world forgets.

PRICE 2/- NET.

THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LTD., Oakville, Ontario, CANADA

Songs my mother taught me

Quand ma vieille mère

Als die alte Mutter

English words by NATALIA MACFARREN
 French words by MADAME C. CHEVILLARD

Music by
 ANTON DVORÁK
 Op. 55, No. 4

Andante con moto

VOICE

PIANO

mf

dim.

pp

p mezzo voce

Songs my mother taught me
 Quand ma vieille mère
 Als die alte Mutter

pp

sempre

in the days long van - ish'd, sel - dom
 m'ap - pre - nait de - doux re - frains je voy -
 mich noch lehr - te sin - gen, Trä - nen

from her eye - lids were the tear - drops
 - ais - sou - vent ses yeux tout rem - plis de
 in den Wim - ses - pern gar so oft ihr

ban - ish'd.
 lar - mes.
 hin - gen.

Now I teach my chil - dren
 Main - te - nant quond je re - dis
 Jetzt wo - ich die Klei - nen

each me - lo - dious - mea - sure,
 aux en fans ces dou - re - frains
 sel - ber - üb' im San - re - ge,

oft the tears are flow - ing,
 un tor rent de lar - mes
 rie - selt's in den Bart - oft,
 rie - selt's mir vom Au - ge,

cresc.

oft they flow from my mem' - ry's - trea -
 de mes yeux bien sou - vent ruis - sel -
 rie - selt's oft mir von der brau - nen - Wan -
 rie - selt's oft mir auf die brau - ne - Wan -

dim. *pp*

- sure,
 - le!
 - ge!
 - ge!

morendo

Low in B flat

Medium in C

High in D

GLORIA.

SACRED SONG.

Words by
M.C. SCHUYLER.

Mus. by
A. RUZZI PECOLA.

p con dolcezza

Ev'ry flow'r feels the pow'r
O-gui fior al le-gor

p *dim* *p*

Of the bud-ding A-pril time, Ev'ry heart doth bear its part in
del fio-ren-te A-pril O-gui cor al tuo a-mor

p *cresc.*

rit. *al tempo* *p*

prais-ing Thee, O Lord, di-vine. So the breeze on the seas
Spie-gaun can ti-co gen-til Lali-tar sovra i mar

rit. *al tempo* *pp*

Neath a cloud-less sum-mer sky Shows thy face re-flec-ted
in se-re-no di La tua gran-de spec-chia

Price $\frac{1}{16}$ net.
50¢

Glory to God who from the heav'n above, rulest supreme the world.

Ev'ry flow'r feels the power of the budding April time,
Ev'ry heart doth bear its part in praising Thee, O Lord, divine.
So the breeze on the seas, neath a cloudless summer sky,
Shows thy face reflected, from the great throne on high!
In the dark day of sorrow our comfort Thou art,
From Thee must we borrow all solace for the heart.

God is there. Haste, His mercy implore; All acclaim His great name. Sov'reign Lord, for evermore.

Glory Thou who art Lord of all;
Who to thy power doth all mercy unite.
Works of man endure not, all they pass in a night;
Thou for ever reignest in thy splendour and might!
Glory thou who art Lord of all!
God of love, God of love, God of might, God for ever.

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